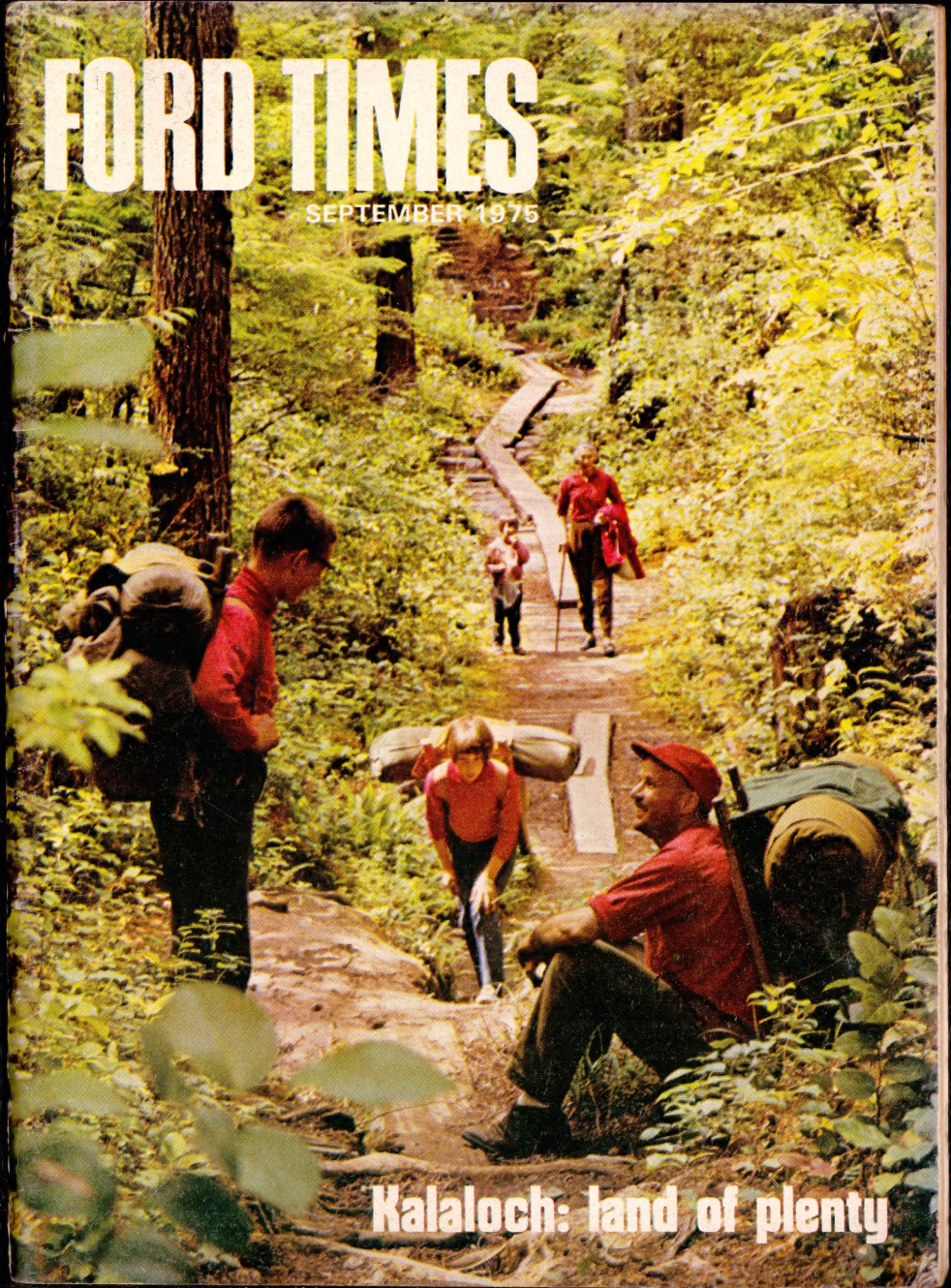


FORD TIMES

SEPTEMBER 1975

A color photograph of a forest trail. In the foreground, a man in a red shirt and cap sits on the ground, looking towards the trail. A woman in a red shirt and dark pants is walking down the trail towards him. To the left, another person with a large backpack stands looking down. In the background, more hikers are visible on the trail, which is surrounded by dense green foliage and trees.

Kalaloch: land of plenty

Ford announces the new Pinto **MPG** and Mustang II **MPG**

34 mpg highway **\$** ^{Pinto:} **2,769**

Official test results certified by the U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency. Mileage may vary depending on your driving habits. City mileage 23 mpg. In Calif., 28 mpg highway, 18 mpg city.

Base sticker price of Pinto MPG 2-Door Sedan excluding title, taxes, destination and dealer prep. Car shown with optional VSW tires (\$30).



NEW PINTO **MPG**. The country's best-selling sub-compact car line now has a new model with higher mileage at a lower price than the leading foreign car.

You can buy the new Pinto MPG—at no increase in price—and get the same kind of standard equipment that's made Pinto so popular. The new Pinto MPG is available in three models—2-Dr. Sedan, 3-Dr. Runabout and Wagon.

MPG

equipment:

Ford MPGs come with a 2.3-liter 2V 4-cylinder engine, 4-speed manual (or optional automatic) transmission, 3.18 axle ratio (3.40 in California) and catalytic converter.



NEW MUSTANG II **MPG**. Better EPA mileage than any small luxury car (34 mpg highway). Lower priced than any foreign competitor.

Even in EPA city tests, Mustang II MPG got 23 mpg. Along with good mileage, you get the standard Mustang II equipment: tachometer, rack and pinion steering, steel-

belted radials, 4-speed stick, and more. Choose from three exciting new models: Hardtop, 2+2 and Ghia.

See your local Ford Dealer for six MPG models with improved EPA gas mileage at no extra cost.



FORD TIMES

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September, 1975, Vol. 68, No. 9

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COVER: A family on a daypacking trip through Kalaloch discovers why the Indians called this Pacific Northwest wonderland "Land of Plenty." Story begins on page 2. Photo by Bob and Ira Spring.

IF YOU WANT a cram course in beach lore, along with the combined beauties of forest and sea, a wilderness wonderland on Washington's Olympic Peninsula might be the answer to your dreams. Named Kalaloch by the Indians, it is part of the Olympic National Park's Ocean Strip—65 miles north of Grays Harbor on the Pacific Coast Highway (U.S. 101) which stretches from California to Washington.

Kalaloch is one of the few ocean strip areas which offer excellent Park Service camp sites, as well as cedar shake cottages and a luxurious lodge with dining room, cocktail lounge and coffee shop. You'll understand why the Indians chose Kalaloch, or "land of plenty," when you view the sea from the bluff, through twisted trees, salmonberry and salal to surf crashing on hard sand.

Kalaloch: "Land of Plenty"

The splendors of forest and sea combine
in this Pacific Northwest wonderland

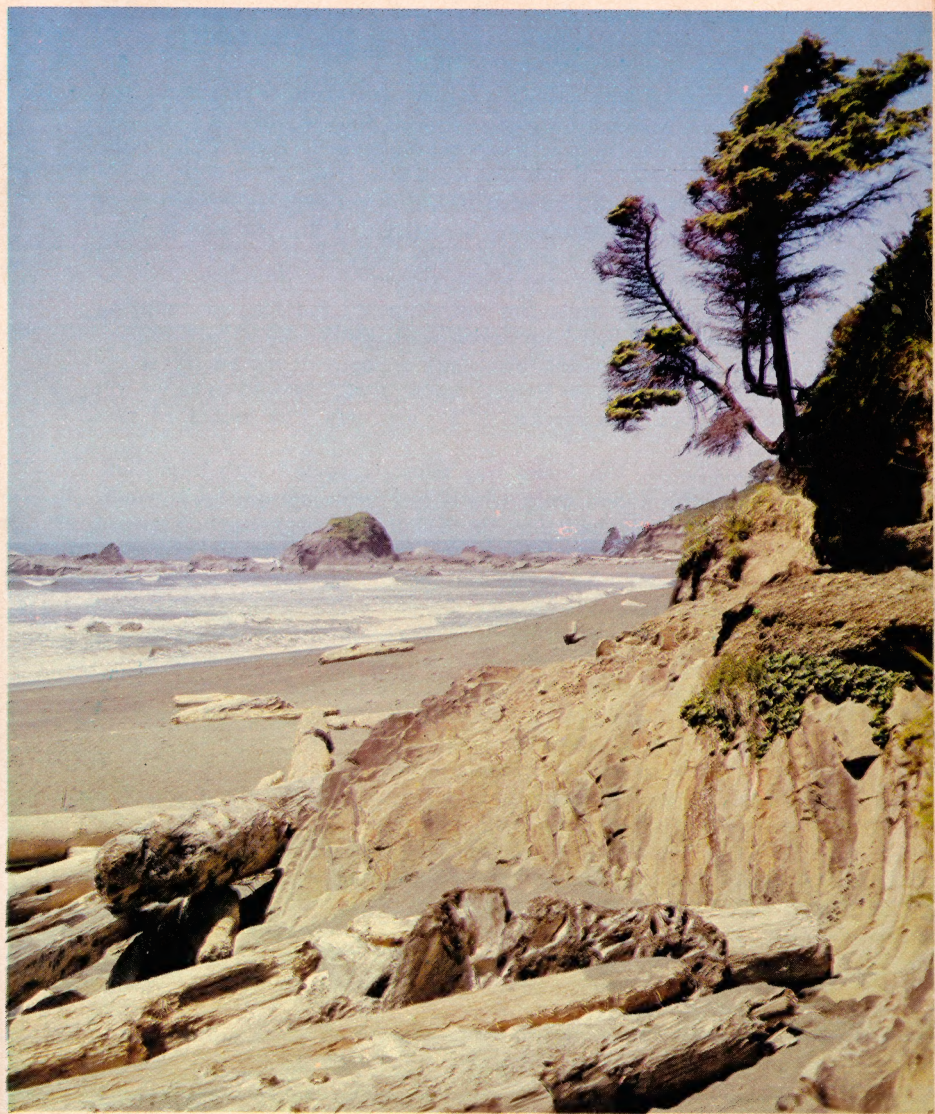
by E. L. Schulte

photos by Bob and Ira Spring

Part of Olympic Park since 1953, Kalaloch is visited during summer by 1,200 campers daily. They are attracted by the area's forest and its vast reaches of beach. Jumbles of tangled and bleached logs line the beaches, their upturned roots dwarfing man. It is a paradise for driftwood buffs.

Low tide brings another attraction—clams. A Quinault Indian boy at the service-station store told us, "Once you could get 300 pounds of clams on a single tide! Not any more. Only 15 razor clams each now. That's the law."

There *are* at least "15 razor clams each" at low tide if you are up to digging. Though the clams leave holes in the sand when they pull in their necks, that's just the beginning. There are a variety of shovels or clam "guns" for those who want to try



to outdig the clams. Fast gulls snatch the clams when they first appear, then fly over the beach and drop them on rocks to break the shells, swooping down for the meat.

Black-tailed deer and their fawns wade in the surf, while black bears waddle down beaches, all eager for the ocean's salt. Raccoons, skunks, rabbits, martens, otters and beavers share the oceanside.

Roosevelt elk can be seen in the forest nearby. "While there aren't many left elsewhere," a ranger told us, "we had to have an elk drive a few years back. We drove nearly 90 back to the park. They can be a real traffic hazard."

One morning, while fog still shrouded the sea, we took the daily one-and-a-half-hour forest walk, guided by a park ranger-naturalist. "The coastal forest isn't as soggy or moss-hung as the Hoh and Queets Rain Forests up the road," he told us as we left the Kalaloch Campground. "We get *only* 110 inches of rain most years."

Nonetheless, the forest was dense, carpeted with moss, and littered with fallen trees which had been uprooted by winter winds or simply had tilted in Kalaloch's soggy earth. Downed trees served as nurse logs, nurturing seedlings of Sitka spruce, western red cedar, red alder and the interesting looking hemlocks with their question-mark tops.

We were surrounded by Indian riches: wild huckleberry; salal for tobacco; deer fern which treated everything from colds to the pain of childbirth; sword fern roots which cured dandruff; bracket fungus for deodorant; and, not far away, cascara bark and foxglove still used in medicines today.

From the narrow walking trail, which must be chopped back every few weeks, it was easy to see why the Indians followed game trails when they went into the forest to cut cedars for houses, dugout canoes, clothes, sails, baskets, ropes and mats.

Our guide nodded toward a particularly dense clutter of downed spruce and cedar; some of them had been nearly 200 feet long and seven feet across. "They sound like mountains coming down when they fall," he said. We listened. The forest was quiet, muffling the ocean to the sound in a shell as we headed back to the campground.

After lunch we took a "tidepool walk." Another one-and-a-

Smelt dippers try their hand at netting the silvery fish



half-hour daily Park Service tour, it explores some of the few tidepools on the Pacific Coast that haven't been emptied by collectors. As we walked down one of the many marked beach trails, sandpipers skittered stiff-legged across the sand, pecking for sand hoppers. A gull swept down near us, picking a smelt from the surf and swallowing it in one gulp.

An old Indian had several smelt dip nets ready for visitors who were willing to stand in the surf and try to catch the silvery fish as they came to lay eggs in the foaming crest of breakers. "Smelt's acting crazy," the Indian said, shaking his head. "Been coming in lately at low tide when they should wait for high water." The Indians, we were told, can see which waves bring in the smelt, but for most smelt fishermen the tipoff comes from

Japanese fish floats, washed ashore in deep foam, make great souvenirs



gulls and scoter ducks feeding in the surf.

Several miles offshore, Destruction Island appeared desolate except for its lighthouse. A Spanish explorer, Bodegay Quadra, anchored his ship *Sonora* there July 14, 1775, sending seven men ashore for wood and water near the very beach where we stood. When the men were killed by Indians the minute they landed, Quadra hoisted sail on the *Sonora* and escaped the war party. Sensing our enchantment with the island, the naturalist said, "Rangers, old-timers and tourists always *mean* to go there, yet few ever do. It does have a mysterious lure."

We left the smelt dippers and crossed the beach to the tide-pool rocks where harbor, or hair, seals sometimes play. The tidepools, especially interesting because of the life zone overlap in Kalaloch, yielded species found from Alaska to California. There were crabs—hermit and big ones—mussels, starfish, anemones, barnacles, sculpin, limpets, sea urchins, chitons, snails and a host of other intertidal animals. Species in the pools varied, depending on whether the rocks and water pockets were exposed to the surf's full crash—pressure as great as two tons per square foot at Kalaloch—or merely, as barnacles and periwinkles prefer, the surf's lap and spray.

While we gazed at the tidepool life, we were watched by cormorants, auklets and murre. Scoter ducks bobbed placidly along the edges of breakers; whether eyeing perch, black bass, halibut, rockfish or us, we didn't know.

Birds, beasts and fishermen also feast on sea-run cutthroat trout in summer, steelhead in winter and fall. Salmon swim up the river to spawn. Dungeness crabs are there. Whales spout by in spring and fall.

When the tide came in, we dragged kelp floats across the sand, the children snaking them like bullwhips, wide-eyed to hear that Indians had used the long plastic-like tubes for fishing lines and their tough air bladders as dolls. We searched miles of deserted beach for shells, sand dollars and starfish, agate and jasper, filling a bag full of sea treasure. Gulls cawed overhead. Spirits of sunken sailors? It seemed possible.

At the last night's beach fire, we sat on century-old drift logs, watching the sun set over the Pacific and dreaming of our experience in Kalaloch. It truly was a "land of plenty." There's plenty of peace; plenty of beauty; plenty of wilderness too—so real that you can reach out and touch it. □

What we learned from the Master Craftsmen

**After watching the Japanese carpenters,
we could never again work the way we used to**

FOR GENERATIONS, the men of my family have been unabashed admirers of finely made things. And while the love of the perfectly joined cabinet, or the delicately turned spindle, has in no way diminished, the skill to shape wood or metal, to bend it to one's will or imagination, has all but disappeared.

My grandfather could fashion a clock or a wagon wheel. I can hang a shelf, but the bookcase made for my wife's cookbooks is slightly taller at one end than the other. She says she doesn't notice it, but that is charity. The spirit level knows. I know.

Craftsmanship has always seemed a little like magic to me. The word itself is old as magic and means not only skill or ability in handwork, but skill in deception. After all, to get a tree to look and feel and rock

like a chair is no mean trick. To get several trees to take the shape of bedroom, closet, study and bath is a performance that astonishes.

When we decided to build such an addition to our house, I hired myself out to the carpenter as a helper to share the heady experience of building something worthwhile, improve my fading skills and, of course, save money. The experience was more than I'd bargained for.

We lived then on an island in Washington State's Puget Sound where most of the men who worked on houses were once builders of ships. As a matter of long habit, they took their time and did things as if human life depended upon how well they worked. It surprised me to find men who took such care in an age in which so much handwork looks as though it were fabri-

by Walter Meade

paintings by Marcus Hamilton



cated by a demented machine.

Still, good as they were, there was a certain tolerance for error or misjudgment that seemed to accept human limitation. My grandfather never would have done so.

Our addition has no quarter-round—molding used to conceal a crack where two surfaces don't



join precisely—because Paul, our good-natured carpenter, said, "That stuff is the signature of amateurs." There are, however, spots here and there that are less than perfectly fitted. Paul didn't worry about those too much. There are limits to skill, "limits to what one can force the wood to do," he would say.

Then the Japanese came to our island. Eight Japanese carpenters had been sent for to build a tea house for a well-to-do man who lived on our westerly shore. Word of their arrival spread fast among local workers—not because they were Japanese, but because of what they were doing.

The plumber who roughed in our work also was hired for the tea house job. One early afternoon, while we were all hunkered down amid the debris of our slowly growing addition, he asked if we'd been over to see the tea house. None of us had. He said, "You gotta go. You just won't believe it!" I asked him what he meant, but he just shook his head as though he had seen something beyond comprehension, beyond telling.

Later that day, I watched as he assembled some lengths of three-quarter-inch copper pipe in our skeleton bathroom. He was ready to sweat solder the joints when he stopped, went to his tool box and retrieved a spirit level. With it, he made certain his installation was true and the pipes were parallel before he fixed them in place.

His gesture of attention to such detail startled me and I wondered what was going on down at the tea house that had so inspired our plumber.

At that moment, my young son Luke appeared with two scraps of two-by-four that he had fashioned into what he called a boat and for



which he wanted a smokestack. The plumber gave him a two-inch copper pipe and Paul showed him how to drill a hole to fit it.

In something of a hurry to get back to seating joists, our carpenter seemed satisfied with a rather wobbly smokestack. Luke—either not satisfied or not ready to end the project—said, “You got to do it right. How will it sail if you don’t

do it right?”

Paul looked at me for help; I indicated with a shrug that the problem was his, and for a few minutes more they were completely absorbed in making the two pieces of wood and the bit of copper as seaworthy as they could.

When the work day was over, Paul and I went across the island to see what the Japanese craftsmen

were up to. We were surprised to find something of a crowd at the site; many island workers had stopped on their way home. The Japanese worked an hour longer each day than the rest of us did and they were still at it when we walked down the slope to the clearing.

The first thing I noticed was that there was no debris, no jaunty piles of bits and pieces of lumber. Everything that was not being used was stacked according to size, shape and kind. All of it was neatly covered, almost wrapped, against our wet Northwest weather. The other surprise was that there were no footings for the structure. Where the poured concrete piers ought to have been were six large, irregular rocks which looked as though they'd been part of the landscape since the first sunrise.

A Perfect Fit

The Japanese, of course, had placed the rocks there and it was upon those impossibly difficult and irregular shapes that they were going to place the husky wooden supports for the tea house.

It seemed a mad notion. You obviously can't put the flat base of a timber on the rounded top of a rock. But the Japanese master craftsmen had coped, cut away, the bases of those supporting timbers so that each precisely fit every tiny irregularity in the surface of the stone which would support them.

I didn't believe, even as I watched

them prepare to raise the timbers, that what they were attempting to do could be done. If it worked, it would surely be the result of some mysterious Oriental trick, some ancient technique for defeating the relentless law of level and plumb line.

I stood under the Douglas firs at the edge of the site and watched. When the Japanese foreman had inspected the base of each timber and seemed satisfied, four workmen lifted the first, carried it to its appointed rock and waited. They did not speak. Then at a nod from the foreman, they positioned one edge of the carved base carefully upon the top of the rock and slowly raised the timber. When it was vertical, they removed their hands and backed away three steps. It stood absolutely straight, plumb and true. The timber then did not look as if it were sitting on top of a rock, but rather as though it pierced the rock, driving through it into the center of the earth, so perfect was the work, so fine the illusion.

The audience broke into applause. The Japanese foreman smiled at us. Then they raised the other supporting posts in exactly the same way. No nails, no concrete, no glue, no swearing. The perfection of the thing made my skin tingle.

When the Japanese were finished, one of the local workmen asked the foreman what would have happened if the timbers had not fit, if they



had wobbled, if they hadn't been plumb. He said, "I would have been displeased, but not as displeased as my men would have been with themselves. House must be without flaw. Else can be no happiness in it."

The next day, as we worked on our addition, the men talked from time to time about the way the Japanese worked. They pull their tools toward their bodies, they don't push a saw or plane as we do. Their saws have small blades, like wires, not broad flat surfaces as ours have. Their chisels are sharp as scalpels and there was some talk

about asking them to leave behind one of their remarkable honing stones.

The following day there was a lot of teasing when one or another of the men failed to get something exactly right on our addition. Our plumber was installing the tub in the new bath and the overflow pipe did not quite match up with the outlet. Paul laughed with him about it, but instead of bending the pipe to fit as he might have done on another occasion, he cut it out and reset it so that the alignment was perfect. They all seemed infected

with a certain unusual pleasure in their craft. It was as though their sights had been raised. Work they might have been satisfied with a week before would no longer do. It's true that they took more time to do things perfectly, but the results were worth that expense. We all got a little better at what we did and a whole lot happier with each day's work.

Dinner Surprise

The attitude around the place even infected my wife, and one night at supper the crust of the apple pie—usually finger-pinchd in a valiant and hurried attempt to get the thing into the oven so that it'd have time to cool a little before supper—appeared transformed. She had carefully braided the dough that edged the pie and it looked spectacular.

When our addition was almost finished, I talked to Paul about using some of the scrap to build a climbing platform for my son. I wanted to put it up between three large Douglas fir trees that stand behind our house. The span between the triangle of trees is long and I told him I didn't think I could handle the lumber myself. We talked for a few minutes about how we could build it and I said that I didn't want it to be a tree house, but some other kind of play platform, I wasn't certain what.

About a week later, I had to spend the day on the mainland

looking for some hardware and a replacement for our beat-up rowboat. When I got home, my wife met me at the door. "Come look," she said, "Just come look!"

She led me out into the backyard. There, 10 feet off the ground, was a climbing platform in the fir trees made to look exactly like a sailboat. Its sail could be raised or lowered, its boom swung. A blue rope rail ran through precisely aligned stanchions. And up there in the trees, Luke was sailing his boat for all it was worth. When he saw me, he looked down and yelled, "Move back, Dad, you're standing in the ocean."

Paul came from around the front of the house to ask if I'd gotten the lag bolts he wanted. I told him where they were and how much I appreciated the wonderful thing he'd made. "It looks as though it could really sail."

"Oh, it can," he said, "Just ask the boy."

Luke hauled in the boom, the sail bellowed, and up in the green branches of the trees the master craftsman had made an illusion so perfect that for one brief moment, I felt water about my feet.

"You sure know how to make a boy happy," I said to him.

"It made me happy to do it," he said. "Now will you kindly step out of the boy's ocean?"

And because of my joy in the day and out of respect for a master craftsman, I did that. □



When is a Second Car More Than a Second Car?

*When it does things
your first car can't*

VERSATILE PER-
FORMERS are
always in demand
—in the theater,
in the sports
world, and now,
more than ever,
in the American
garage.

Today's buyer

by Mark Christopher



Bronco with optional Ranger package. Ranger interior, below, shown with optional Cruise-O-Matic and radio





Ranchero 500. Brougham decor group, below, with seats upholstered in super soft vinyl or knit, plush door trim panels and cut-pile carpeting



who wants the economy of a multi-purpose vehicle in his "second car" will find that the Ford Bronco and Ranchero fill the bill.

A rugged, agile four-wheeler, Bronco is designed and engineered to be at home on or off the road with standard equipment that matches its practical personality. A spirited 302-cubic-inch engine with the solid state ignition system for improved reliability and a three-speed manual transmission are Bronco's basic power-train combination.

The SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission and power steering are optional. SelectShift lets you choose between fully automatic or manual shifting for driving ease in highway traffic or on off-road terrain. Ford's integral-type power steering helps provide quick response and easy handling in all types of driving situations.

Special attention has been given to the engineering and design details that enable Bronco to get up, over and through all kinds of obstacles which might stop larger 4-wheel-drive vehicles. Key angles of approach, breakover and departure (critical measurements of the vehicle's body position in relation to its wheels) give optimum off-road mobility. Bronco's turning diameter is a compact 33.6 feet.

High ground clearance and a tough, protected underside further assist in trailblazing, as do Bronco's identical tracks of front and rear

axles. Matching tracks mean that as Bronco's front wheels break a trail through brush, snow or sand, the rear wheels follow with minimum resistance.

On the inside, Bronco is practical and uncluttered. Sporty front bucket seats, upholstered with attractive, long-wearing vinyl and foam-padded in the seat cushions and backs, are standard. A two-passenger rear seat is available. A fresh air heater-defroster, lockable glove compartment, dome light, padded instrument panel, two-speed electric windshield wipers, sun visors and a vinyl-coated rubber floor mat also are standard.

To "dress up" a Bronco, there are two packages and many individual items available.

Special Packages

The Sport Bronco package, in addition to or in place of standard equipment, includes: vinyl door trim panels with bright moldings, a hardboard headliner and a simulated-carpet front floor mat of vinyl parchment (both with bright retainers), cigar lighter, bright moldings and frames for windshield and windows, side marker lights and rear reflectors, an argent painted grille, bright bumpers and wheel covers and front bumper guards.

The Ranger package, in addition to or in place of Sport Bronco features, includes: color-keyed full carpeting (including tailgate and wheelhousings), color-keyed vinyl

door trim panels with woodtone appliques, color-keyed vinyl trim with insulation on rear quarter panels, cloth and vinyl seat trim in ginger, blue or green, a handy swing-away spare tire carrier, hood and lower bodyside tape stripes (white stripes with orange accent) and a spare tire cover in white vinyl with orange accent and Bronco insignia. The optional rear seat is required with the Ranger package.

Many other options may be ordered for your Bronco, including: a left-hand, remote-control mirror, high-flotation tires and a 7.5-gallon auxiliary fuel tank.

All in all, the 4-wheel-drive Bronco is the smooth, sure way to reach those difficult job sites or faraway recreation spots.

Just as Ford's Bronco combines rugged performance with flair, the Ford Ranchero is a great combination of strength and beauty. Its style, smooth ride and attractive interiors make it a luxurious, sporty car; a full-size (6½-feet-long) pickup box and a generous people-and-payload capacity (up to 1,250 pounds) make it a hard-working truck.

And whether you live in town or country, there's a Ranchero model to meet your needs: the basic Ranchero 500, the sporty Ranchero GT and the elegant Ranchero Squire. All are packed with value and have the sleek lines, stylish grille and smartly designed cargo area that make Rancheros attractive.

Inside, Ranchero is pure car—with stretch-out room, stylish appointments and sound-absorbing insulation. To make sure passengers ride in quiet comfort, Ranchero's body rests on strategically placed mounts to help isolate the compartment from road noise and vibrations.

Road Hugger

Ranchero's long wheelbase (118 inches), wide-track axles and link-coil rear suspension give all models great ride and handling qualities, plus road hugging stability.

Ranchero standard equipment includes a 351-cubic-inch engine with solid state ignition system, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, power brakes and power steering. Ford's 400- and 460-cubic-inch engines are optional.

Among the many performance and luxury options available are a heavy-duty suspension package, which provides capacity for maximum rated loads, and trailer towing packages for pulling big Class II and Class III trailers (up to 6,000 pounds).

Ranchero is the ideal dual-purpose vehicle—a timely addition as your second "car," or first truck.

Bronco and Ranchero models shown on pages 15-17 have one or more of the following options: SelectShift, white sidewall tires, wheel covers, radio, Brougham Decor Group, Ranger Package and Bumper Protection Group. □



HOW BIG WAS THE



SOME ASPECTS of the American Revolution—particularly the facts about the war itself—are dim to most of us. We were told

that the fighting began at Lexington and Concord in 1775 and ended at Yorktown in 1781. Both figures are correct in a way, but they are misleading. While it is probably true that the idea of a full-scale war between the colonies and England first became believable to the Americans after the shots were fired and blood drawn in eastern Massachusetts, there had been hostility between the two parties for a

long time, especially after the Boston Massacre, in 1770, when five Americans died.

For all intents and purposes the war ended when Cornwallis surrendered in Virginia, but that capitulation was between Cornwallis and his adversaries, not between England and the colonies. Although British power was effectively ended at that point because no new campaign was mounted, British recognition of colonial independence did not come until 1782 and a peace treaty was not signed until 1783. After Yorktown there were still engagements here and there—skirmishes and deaths.

Other questions about the Revolutionary War went largely unanswered until recently. For example, how big a war was it? Where was action the hottest? How many died? A recent research project by the Clements Library of the University of Michigan has provided some answers not previously known and corrected some inexact records. With the help of a grant, new statistics were compiled by graduate students in American history at several Eastern universities. They examined all available combat records in the states, lands, and regions where there was military or naval action.

by Howard Peckham painting by Robert Boston

REVOLUTIONARY WAR?

New Jersey was the center of the Revolution for 238 engagements were fought there, more than in any other state. The costliest battle for the patriots was General Gates' defeat near Camden, South Carolina, in August 1780, when about 250 were killed and 800 were wounded or captured. The worst year was 1777, when 1,413 soldiers and sailors were killed, 2,298 wounded, and 2,830 captured.

It appears that there were at least 6,824 combat deaths. The official figure, given out by the U.S. Department of Defense, is 4,435, but the department qualifies this by saying that "the total is undoubtedly

much higher," and the library's research confirms this. Another 8,445 Americans were wounded. About 10,000 died of sickness in camp, 8,500 died while prisoners of war, and 1,426 were listed as missing in action.

We now might understand the scope of the Revolutionary War in relation to other wars in our history. The toll for the Revolution was slightly less than one percent of the total American population of 2,781,000 in 1780. The Civil War claimed 364,000 dead, World War I, 116,000; World War II, 406,000—all from much larger populations, of course.

When and where did the war end? Most Americans

will be surprised. The final deaths occurred in New Jersey in December 1782, when a loyalist and a patriot were killed. The final clash—in which no casualties were reported—came in April 1783, when a party of loyalists and Indians laid siege to Fort Carlos III, an outpost of colonially allied Spain in the Arkansas Territory. □

• • •

The above material was adapted from the book The Toll of Independence, edited by Mr. Peckham, who is a professor of history at the University of Michigan and director of the Clements Library.



by Douglas McVicar

New England's

photos by Andrew and Lorraine Hoglund



THE OX IS A BEAST with cloven hooves and a bone in his heart. He gobbles 30 pounds of food at a meal and washes it down with seven or eight gallons of water. Full-grown, he can have up to a ton of muscles. But alone the ox is a shiftless underachiever, apparently unaware of his opportunities.

Man is an animal with a fine mind, a light frame and grand ambitions that are far out of proportion to his physical capabilities.

Partnership was inevitable. From doing chores around the farm to competing against neighbors was an irresistible step. As a result, the ox draw has become a favorite sport

Each team is given the chance to tow the stoneboat a prescribed distance. Those who don't are eliminated. The stoneboat is then reloaded with more weight, until one team pulls a load that none of the others can—often as much as five tons—and wins the blue ribbon.

The ox driver is allowed to pull with his team and some—with a great display of effort—do, but it makes little difference in the movement of the stoneboat. Oxen are not directed by reins as draft horses are; they are steered by the sound of the oxman's voice. The oxman sometimes also carries a light whip which is not used to frighten or to hurt the

Unorthodox-Ox Sport

in rural New England.

This year when evenings are cool in the north country and the first blush of color appears in the maples, the ox drawing season will be at its height and eager fans from the surrounding hills again will crowd the drawing pits at county fairs much as they did a century ago.

There are no standard rules—there never have been. Over the years each fair has established its own. There are, however, a few basic principles that have been determined by man and ox for generations. Two oxen pull a large, weighted sled called a stoneboat.

animals but, as one old-timer says, "to get their attention."

Theoretically, cows or bulls could be used for drawing, but they aren't because of their temperaments. Cows are frail and habitually meek as milk, hardly the stuff for good competitors. Bulls actually are stronger than oxen, especially around the neck and shoulders, and they are more spirited. But the thought of stray bulls wandering through a crowded fairground has prompted nearly every fair official in New England to ban them from pulling events.

The color and excitement of the spectacle is infectious, especially for



The parade of ox teams starts a fun day at the Norwich Fair. A winning team may draw a stoneboat weighing as much as five tons

newcomers. The magic of the contest often is enhanced by the setting, as at the Norwich (Vermont) Fair. Nestled in the upper valley of the Connecticut River among the rolling hills that fill the gap between the White Mountains and the Green Mountains, Norwich is a "picture-perfect" New England village.

The Norwich Fair, a homey church-sponsored occasion, is held on the town green—cozier than an outlying fairground. The day of the fair, dozens of ox teams parade through the town, escorted by their proud drivers and accompanied by marching bands and floats carrying prominent area citizens. The parade







ends at the village green which is surrounded by a church, school and trim old houses. There is lots of fun at the fair before the oxen do their stuff. The ox pull usually is scheduled as the climactic event of the day's merriment.

Old Hands

One of the most frequent winners at the Norwich Fair in the past few years has been soft-spoken Leon Blake. He lives nearby in West Fairlee, Vermont, a hamlet with a cluster of stores clinging to the shoulder of a meandering country road. It is one of those towns that daydreaming motorists are likely to pass through without realizing it is there. However, if you turn down a well-worn side road, you cannot miss a sign in the shape of an ox yoke lettered "BLAKE." You may very well see Blake and his wife exercising a couple of teams out back. Keeping at least two pairs

of oxen competition-ready enables him to enter the same event twice and possibly win both the blue and red ribbons.

Blake says that it is hard for someone to make a start in ox pulling. To master all the ins and outs, tactics and tricks takes a lifetime.

His first bit of advice is, "Never ask the old-timers anything. They aren't telling any secrets."

In another part of the state, Russ Perry, an octogenarian who has been driving oxen, as he remembers it, since he was eight or nine years old, is well-known in ox-pulling circles.

If Perry's career is not yet the longest in the annals of sport, it is certainly close. He has used oxen not only in contests but also for tilling, haying, quarrying, lumbering, sugaring and extracting tractors from muddy ditches. In slower days when folks traveled by sleighs in winter, he kept his oxen busy packing snow on the streets with a heavy roller and carting snow to cover the bare board roadways of covered bridges.

John M. Treadwell, a flamboyant Massachusetts cattleman, owns a stock business in the peaceful settlement of Podunk (yes, there really

is a Podunk and has been since 1665). These past few years Treadwell has ranked among the top four drivers in American ox pulling contests: those who represent the country at the annual International Ox and Horse Draw.

International Pull

The International is not, as the name might imply, an affair created to foster harmony among nations. Hardly. It is the battleground for a longstanding backwoods feud between the oxmen of the New England states, who use neck yokes, and the oxmen of Nova Scotia, who favor head yokes, strapped around the horns.

After arguing for years about which was better, Nova Scotia finally challenged New England (some say it was the other way around) to "outdraw Scotia's best or forever be silent." The Canadians showed up at the first momentous confrontation with their oxen bedecked in bright ribbons and jangling cowbells, all sporting head yokes of course. They proceeded to rout the Yankees and have maintained the advantage—and the decoration—just about every year since. In 1974 the top team was a tough pair of Nova Scotian short-horn-Herefords named Dynamite and Lightning.

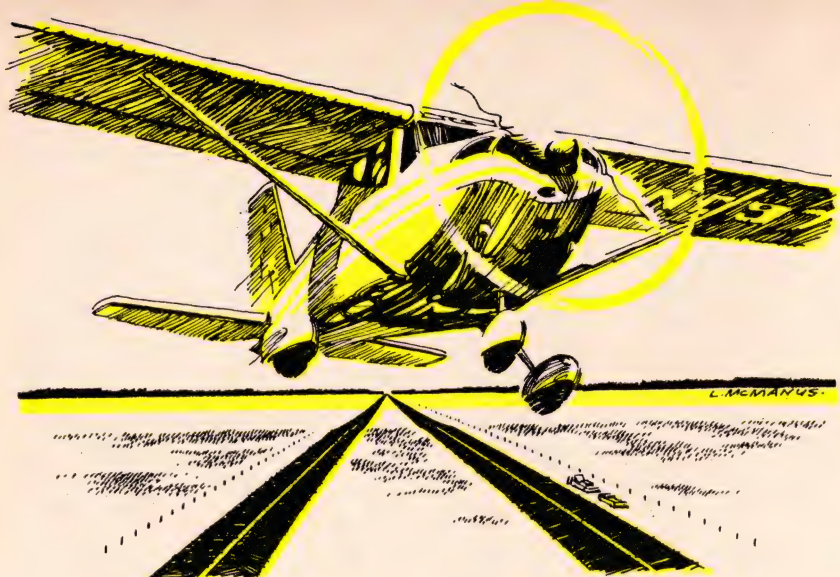
Nevertheless, American oxmen point out, the Yankees have always held the world record. The first owner of a record-setting team was

probably Jim Avery of Buckland, Vermont, who had a legendary yoke of Holsteins called Mack and Jerry. Around the turn of the century they drew 11,200 pounds and remained the best draft oxen in New England for years. Avery was a showman. When the crowd was big enough he would station his son in a rocking chair up on Mack's broad shoulders. For an encore he poured a bushel basket of corn onto the ox's back without spilling a single kernel on the ground.

Many believe Mack and Jerry were the mightiest oxen of all time. But it will never be known for sure, for other ox teams have drawn far heavier loads. Oxmen insist, however, that only improvements in drawing-pit construction have accounted for this.

On September 4, 1971, at Lancaster, New Hampshire, Leon Blake drove a yoke of Brown Swiss to a draw of 19,000 pounds. Later that month in Durham, Connecticut, Allen Rainville, a gifted young husbandman, took advantage of excellent red clay pits and a brawny team of Holsteins named Jack and Bill to draw out a phenomenal 24,500 pounds.

Could Yankee oxen draw even more if they switched to head yokes and ribbons Nova Scotia style? Perhaps. But they never will. In ox pulling there are some things that are more important than winning and setting records. Like tradition. □



hard hat helpers

*San Diego construction workers lend a hand
on the highway—with a lift from Courier,
Ford's compact pickup*

by Carole Ayuso

illustrations by Larry McManus

ONE SUNNY MORNING last month a businessman who had overslept and was in a hurry to reach the office failed to notice the low level of his car's fuel gauge. As he drove north on California's Interstate 5, the engine coughed and then quit. In most cities, this man would have two choices: sit in the car and hope a kind motorist would stop and help, or get out and walk to the nearest

gas station. But he did neither, because he was in San Diego.

Within 10 minutes a black and yellow Hard Hat Freeway Patrol truck pulled up behind his car. The patrolman put \$1 worth of gas in the tank, and the stranded driver was on his way again.

The Hard Hat Freeway Patrol is a public service program sponsored by the San Diego construction in-

dustry. Each weekday from 6:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. the patrol operates on 130 miles of freeway in the San Diego metropolitan area.

Begun in February, 1974, the patrol uses two Ford Courier pickups specially outfitted with two-way radios and equipment to change a flat tire, cool a radiator or boost a dead battery. The trucks also carry leaded and unleaded gasoline and fire extinguishers. Patrolmen are trained by the San Diego Fire Department.

Hard Hat Freeway Patrol members must meet two requirements: They must be skilled auto mechanics, and must be certified in first aid by the American Red Cross. It also helps for an applicant to have a pleasant disposition.

According to Roger Krause, patrol public relations director, Ford Couriers are used because of their comfort, durability and economy.

"The Courier fits all of our needs," he says. "Our trucks have been getting 20-22 miles per gallon. They're comfortable and have enough cargo capacity for all our equipment. We put nearly 5,000 miles on each truck every month, so durability was an important factor in our selection. The quietness of the trucks is especially vital to us because sometimes radio communications are poor."

If asked, patrolmen will forward a message to a delayed motorist's family or business associates, and if

the disabled vehicle won't start, they will call for a tow truck. The only money accepted is reimbursement for the gasoline.

"Stalled cars and pedestrians on freeways are serious hazards," explains Walt MacDonald, the patrol's operations director and traffic reporter. "The year before the Hard Hat Patrol began, four people were killed either walking for help or changing flats on the freeway. Since the patrol started operating, no one has been killed in an accident involving a disabled car. And there hasn't been one case of a rear-end collision into our trucks—a real threat in this type of operation."



Actually, the trucks cruise the freeways during only the peak traffic hours—6:30 to 9 in the morning and 3 to 6:30 in the afternoon. Between 9 and 3, trucks are dispatched in response to calls from construction industry trucks equipped with two-way radios, from private cars with citizen band radios, and from California Highway Patrol cars. Response time is usually less than 20 minutes.

Black-and-yellow "Help" signs, distributed free by the patrol throughout San Diego, have proved useful outside Southern California. A San Diego woman traveling through Louisiana used one to summon help when she had car trouble on a lonely stretch of highway.

"Perhaps the most nerve-racking call for help we've received was from a pregnant woman whose car had a flat tire while she was driving herself to the hospital," Krause says. "A motorcycle officer called us to change the flat, then called a taxi to take the woman to the hospital. The taxi, trying to stop quickly in

the center divider off the fast lane, struck the woman's car while she was sitting in it. Eventually, a second taxi arrived and took the woman to the hospital safely. She delivered less than two hours later."

In addition to helping nearly 450 stranded freeway motorists each month, the patrol regularly broadcasts live reports of traffic conditions over nine radio stations and during a local television morning news show.

It costs approximately \$9,000 per month to operate the patrol. The construction industry, which employs over 28,000 people in San Diego, owns the equipment used by the patrol, except for a leased small airplane used for afternoon traffic surveillance. Operating expenses are paid through grants from the San Diego Construction Industry Advancement Fund.

The Hard Hat Freeway Patrol has had many official commendations. Citizen appreciation is high.

"We will continue the service as long as people appreciate it," MacDonald says. □

Happy New Year!

It may seem early to break out the noisemakers, but that's just what's happening at Ford dealerships. The exciting, value-packed 1976 Ford cars will debut very soon and we think they'll give car buyers good reason to celebrate. Next month's FORD TIMES will carry a full photo story on all the new Fords. Join the celebration by visiting your nearby Ford dealer on Introduction Day. See why *Ford Means Value*.

Follow the leader

IN THIS LIST, the last in a series, FORD TIMES highlights some of the company's innovations from the early 1960s to the present day.

First company to extend major lubrication requirements from the established interval of 1,000 miles to 30,000 miles.

First with precision-cast, thin-wall, lightweight engine.

First all-synchro three-speed manual transmission.



First use of electrocoating process to apply anti-corrosive primer to car body.

First with flow-through ventilation.

First to provide power front disc brakes as standard equipment.

First with double-strength windshield glass.

First with Twin I-Beam front suspension.

First to offer dual center-facing rear seats on station wagon.

First with two-way, and later three-way, tailgate on station wagon.

First with automatic anti-lock braking system.



First with rack-and-pinion steering on U.S.-produced car.

First use in mass production of advanced electronic process for applying and curing paint.

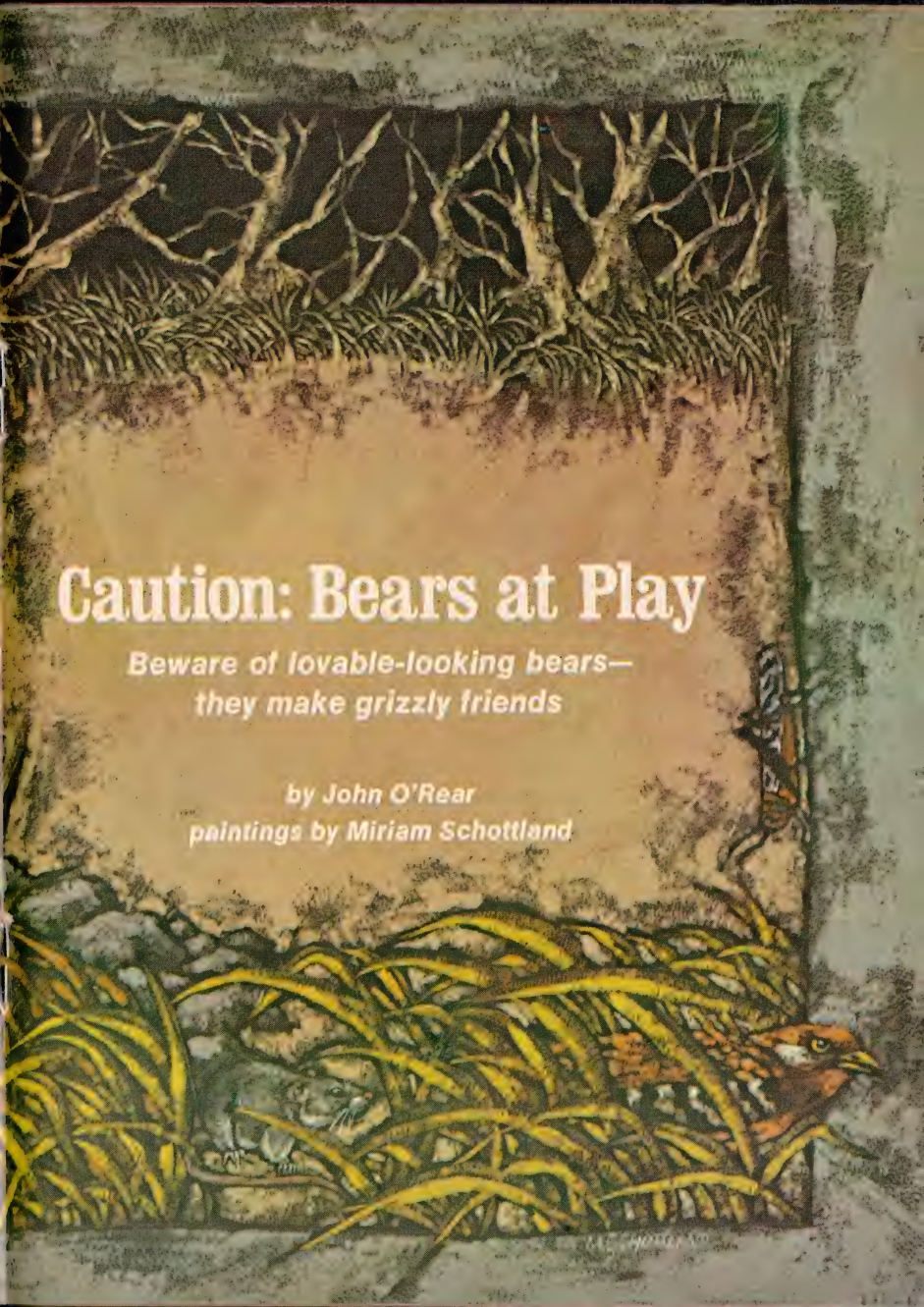
First U.S. mass-produced metric-system automobile engine.



First U.S. manufacturer to offer steel-belted radial-ply tires on all car lines.

First to offer front and rear window defrosting system similar to that used on jet aircraft. ☐





Caution: Bears at Play

*Beware of lovable-looking bears—
they make grizzly friends*

*by John O'Rear
paintings by Miriam Schottland*

"Stop the car, Dad! . . . I want a picture of that bear."
"Okay, but be careful . . . that's not Pooh Bear," I said to my 10-year-old son.

On our way into Yellowstone Park, the ranger had told us politely to "observe the park creatures, but keep your distance from the bears." The folder he gave us warned that a bear may suddenly turn on you, especially if you're up close, trying to feed him or take his picture.

The animal my son wished to photograph paid no attention to us. Big and black, the bear was standing on the edge of Yellowstone Lake, his attention fixed on a fisherman wading hip deep, casting for trout. The fisherman had no idea he was being watched by a bear. But when a tourist honked his car horn, the unsuspecting fisherman turned and, panic-stricken at the sight of the bear, lost his footing, dropped his rod and creel and fell in the water. Somehow, he frantically splashed his way down the lake and finally ashore. The bear took in the whole scene with detachment, only to sit back on his furry haunches to wait for an easier handout.

When we told this story to a ranger, he said, "That fisherman may never know how lucky he was to have dropped his creel. Bears have a keen sense of smell (far better than their eyesight) and that bear might have gone after the creel of fish and mauled the fisherman in the confusion."

Black bears are the most common species and are found in many mountain and wilderness areas of the U.S. and Canada; in even greater numbers in British Columbia and Alaska, which they share with the noble and endangered grizzly bear. The other legendary member of the bear family, the great Alaskan brown, is found only on the state's coastal ranges and offshore islands. The closely related grizzlies and browns are king-sized bears who frequently measure 10 feet from tip to tip.

Below the Canadian border there are no brown bears, and the few hundred surviving grizzlies are, for the most part, in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, many of them living in national parks.

The black, smaller but more abundant, is the common bear, the familiar character panhandling along the roadsides of many of our big wilderness parks, east and west. He is apt to be around for a long time, an endangered species in

some areas, but holding his own or increasing in others.

But make no mistake. While the grizzly—easily identified by the large hump between his shoulders, his unmistakable dish face, and long claws—gets most of the headlines for mauling unsuspecting victims (several deaths over the past 10 years), the black bear, according to the wildlife authority P. A. Parsons, "isn't the 'clown of the woods' as some think . . . he is always potentially dangerous."

Ecologists and wildlife experts insist that the bear, though often appearing tame, is never really so. There are times when bears are unpredictably aloof, even serene. More characteristically, however, they are inclined to be merely suspicious and curious, but if cornered, provoked or teased, they are ferocious.



It is when they play the role of clowns that bears are most often misunderstood. It's no wonder, what with the friendly image of Smokey the Bear, the antics of Yogi Bear in the funnies and on TV, the lovable, almost human, pranks of old lumpy Pooh Bear, or the trained circus bears who ham it up for the kids. What's worse, bears are privileged creatures of Mother Nature's whimsy who do silly things to earn the reputation of stand-up comics.

For instance, to warm up after coming out of their "winter sleep," bears in Yellowstone have been observed jogging-in-place. That's not all that surprising to regular park visitors who will tell you about the bears they have seen waddling around the parking lot swilling cola out of bottles, not unlike a Hollywood stunt man in a bear suit.

Bear cubs are, like puppies and kittens, full of play. A favorite game is to climb to the top of a young tree, bend it to the ground and then hop off to climb up for another swinging ride. Another challenge is to tip an empty barrel, climb inside and roll down a hill.

But where bears are concerned, there seem to be fine lines between fun, mischief, and total mayhem. To this day the residents of Waterton Lake, Alberta, are at a loss to explain why several black bears descended on the town, smashed in huge store-front windows and ripped the water pipes out from under the town dance hall—only to repeat the ridiculous caper after the pipes had been replaced.

It's worth remembering if you do encounter a bear while hiking or camping that he can swim like a beaver, run as fast as a deer and, except for the grizzly, climb a tree better than you can. He is attracted but infuriated by the scent of cosmetics and will join you for dinner at the drop of a crumb off your picnic table. But don't be surprised if he scalps you, by way of saying thanks.

If you meet a bear while hiking or camping, keep your distance, and don't ever get between adults and cubs; if you insist on sharing the park with your dog, keep him on a leash or "sealed off." As one park ranger forewarned, with back-country understatement, "having a dog run between your legs, followed by a bear, can be an upsetting experience."

Perhaps the bears' occasional attacks can be understood somewhat. Not all men have been friendly. Bounty hunters took a heavy toll, once the repeating rifle was invented. Further, the advent of national parks with their millions of visitors spelled encroachment into the bear's wild territory.

It followed that he was tempted to give up his natural forage (everything from mice to moose, to grasses, roots, berries, fish, rodents and carrion) for dinner invitations to the park dumps and food-littered picnic sites and campgrounds. Thus, the bear was attracted by man's food but increasingly repelled by man himself. Man-bear confrontations were inevitable. Bear attacks understandably have brought appeals to reduce the bear population, with priority on the grizzly.

Happily, the plight of the bear is not without hope. Encouraged by the popular will to preserve the bears, as well as



the wildness of the parks, park officials concluded that most of the attacks could be avoided with tighter controls and tough restrictions.

Open park dumps have been replaced by incinerators wherever possible, in the hope the bear will return to his wild domain and natural forage. Stiff fines now are levied for violations of bear feeding; troublesome bears are relocated to remote areas of the parks; improved warning signs and pamphlets of specific do's and don't's are provided, which generally underscore the stern message that with man and bear, so far as the bear is concerned, familiarity breeds contempt.

Outside the parks, where the bears face the continuing threat of poison, traps and hunters' high-powered rifles, some 20 states now have open and closed hunting seasons. The purpose is to protect one of nature's noble wilderness creatures. The bear deserves his place. □

COLONEL SANDERS may have discovered the chicken at age 65, but Robert Bardin of Newport Beach, California, has one-upped the Kentucky gentleman by discovering the egg at age 67.

Bardin has fallen in love with omelets and has designed an omelet pan that he says brings success to the most inexperienced cook. The rectangular, divided pan of heavy Teflon-coated cast aluminum is meant to be handled with the left hand.

To prepare an omelet, Bardin pours a special egg batter into the left section, and cooks it a few seconds. The excess is poured into the next section and cooked a few more seconds; whatever is left is poured back into the bowl. A filling is then spread on the egg in the left section, and the omelet literally is rolled out with the help of a special scraper.

Bardin began his career in the food industry as a teenager in Montgomery, Alabama. He would

Who can take an egg, crack it in a pan?

THE OMELET MAN CAN

by Jo Olson



get up at 5 a.m., go to work running a bread-wrapping machine, then report for school at 8.

After graduation he had many different jobs, ending up in Los Angeles in 1931 making peanut butter and cracker sandwiches. It was the worst of the Depression and he jokes, "I went into the food business so I could eat the samples."

Bardin was a pioneer in making corn, and other flavored, chips and claims to have invented the tortilla chip. He also is said to have been the first to vacuum-can such foods.

Though he is officially retired, Bardin has never quit being inventive and adventurous when it comes to food. In a Costa Mesa laboratory he has a test kitchen for creating new products and a classroom for teaching omelet techniques. In addition to the considerable experimentation which led to the patented omelet pan, he has perfected several new kinds of snack foods, including a hot sandwich which is heated in a toaster; flavored, bite-sized jerky; and a bread especially shaped for fondue.

His advertising techniques are perhaps the most unusual and delightful part of his story. When Bardin took delivery of his Ford Pinto station wagon, he ordered a personalized license plate, "OMELT," and taped across the back window a series of pictures of himself making an omelet with his pan. He also attached to the sides of the car wooden boxes in which he

places copies of his recipes and brochures to advertise his classes when the Pinto is parked.

Bardin has created a special omelet in honor of his station wagon. Here is his recipe for all Pinto owners, as well as other adventurous cooks. □

Pinto Omelet

8 eggs (2 per omelet)

½ teaspoon water for each egg

Filling

½ 15-ounce can pinto beans (drain and rinse beans)

½ can Cheddar cheese soup, undiluted

1 4½-ounce can chopped ripe olives (do not drain)

4 tablespoons tomato sauce

3 tablespoons cracker meal

Chili powder to taste

1 teaspoon granulated onion

½ teaspoon oregano

Mix eggs and water. Add salt and pepper as desired. Mix and heat remaining ingredients in separate pan. Use ½ cup of egg batter and 3 heaping tablespoons of filling for each omelet. Sprinkle a generous amount of shredded mild Cheddar cheese on folded omelets. Top with Pinto Omelet Sauce. Serves 4.

Pinto Omelet Sauce

½ can Cheddar soup (undiluted)

1 2-ounce jar sliced pimientos

4 tablespoons tomato sauce

1 tablespoon cracker meal

Mix ingredients and cook over very low heat or in double boiler. Sprinkle omelets with paprika. Makes enough for four omelets.

What looks like the newest Cadillac and is priced like the newest VW?

Ford Granada. 1975's best-selling newcomer.

Ford Granada — with Cadillac's \$12,000-look at a price like VW — is a real engineering achievement. But it's only one of the reasons Granada is 1975's best-selling newcomer.

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Look close and compare. Ford means value.

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Cadillac Seville \$12,479*



VW Rabbit 4-Door \$3,800*



And your local Ford Dealer can show you.



Library With a Split Nationality

by William E. Pauli

illustration by Jim Stelma

THE MIDDLE-AGED LADY hopping back and forth inside the library was doing what a lot of other people do when they visit here. She was going from Canada to the United States, back to Canada, back to the United States without going through customs or declaring any purchases in either country.

The lady was in the Haskell Free Library and Opera House, which is partly in Derby Line, Vermont, partly in Rock Island, Quebec. The international border runs right through it. And, for as long as Chief Librarian Adelaide Prangley can recall, people have been wandering its hand-carved halls and fireplace-warmed rooms, passing from one country to the other and back again as gleefully as naughty children sneaking across the street without their parents' permission.

This three-story granite and buff brick building isn't a map maker's mistake. In 1901 the hamlets of Derby Line and Rock Island received the library-opera house as a gift from Mrs. Carlos Haskell and her son, Colonel Stewart Haskell, two of Derby Line's leading residents. Their only request: Build the facility so citizens of both countries will have free access to its books and stage shows.

Mrs. Haskell, a booster of the arts, was responsible for the theater being included (she preferred to call it an opera house). It occupies the second and third floors, complete with a proscenium decorated

with reclining nudes and cupids. During its heyday, the opera house hosted traveling minstrel and vaudeville shows, and William Jennings Bryan once gave an eloquent address in front of its hand-painted roll-up curtain.

According to local legend, the stage door (in Canada) provided an escape route for at least one fugitive from justice. The culprit was performing when he spotted a pair of U.S. marshals waiting at the front exit (in the U.S.). He took the obvious path to freedom, exiting stage right and out the back door.

Although the opera house has been dark for years now—except for guided tours and an occasional local recital—the library is a going concern, serving 5,000 people who annually check in and out 30,000 books. It also is one of the few places in either town where inflation hasn't hit. Late book charges are still two cents a day.

There are problems in operating a library with a split nationality. For example, the library must buy electric power on the U.S. side, though Canadian power is cheaper. Even more ironic, the Vermont Power Company gets its electricity from Canada, then sells it to the library. A bureaucratic dream.

Censorship laws of both countries have to be met. When *Ulysses*, by James Joyce, was banned in the U.S., library officials weren't concerned. The book shelves are on the Canadian side. But, could the

novel be removed and carried to the reading room in the U.S.? "Thank goodness that question never came up," says Mrs. Prangley.

Telephone service is on the Canadian side. So for some Derby Line residents, phoning the library is a long distance international call.

The Haskell Free Library and Opera House draws visitors from all over the world. On a summer or early fall day it isn't unusual for a staff member to be asked to come outside and photograph a group of tourists lined up on the lawn.

Mrs. Prangley calls the library a

"splendid example of good international relations." So far she and her staff have managed to meet each international "crisis" with a skill that would make Henry Kissinger blush with pride.

A crisis came early this year. In February, when the U.S. went back on daylight savings time, Canada remained on standard time. With the library door in the U.S. and the clock in Canada, what do you do?

With wisdom worthy of Solomon, the library split the difference. In fairness to patrons from both sides, it opened and closed a half hour earlier. ☐

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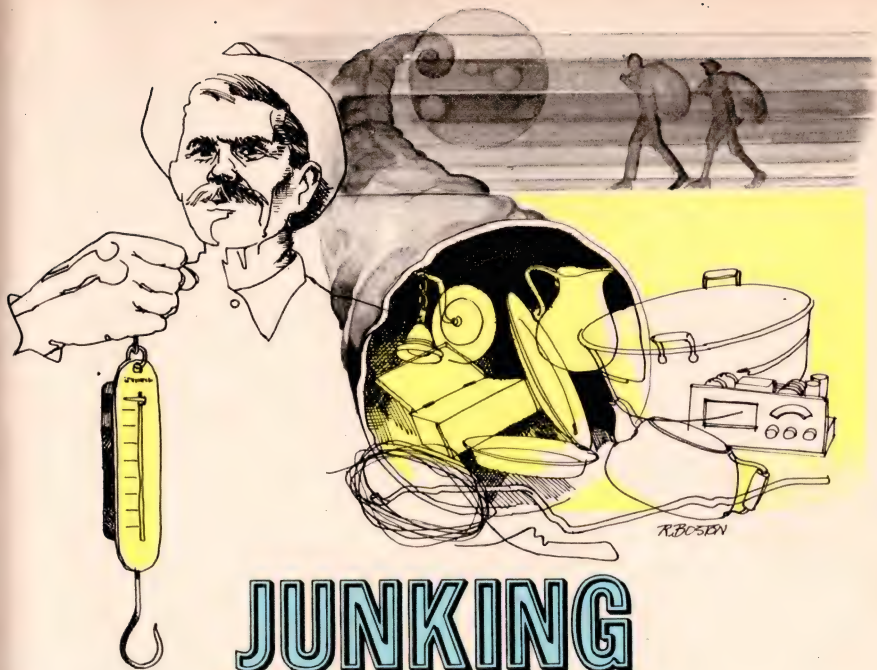
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JUNKING

A Poor Boy's Treasure Hunt

by Ralph Fratila

illustrations by Robert Boston

A passage of music, a paragraph in a book, or a snatch of conversation evokes in some men memories of the happiest boyhood experiences. The sight of a battered aluminum pan on a trash pile has a similar effect on me.

During the Depression days of my youth in a small Midwestern community, my comrades and I were in constant quest of pocket money. Allowances were unknown in those austere Thirties. Grown

men competed for neighborhood odd jobs—mowing lawns, painting fences and spading gardens—that previously had been given to boys. So, apart from picking fruit and vegetables in season, junking was our only source of the coins we needed for candy, firecrackers, the Saturday movies. Junking was a poor boy's treasure hunt.

Through zealous hours of such salvage ventures, my chums and I developed a sophisticated

approach to our efforts. We disdained rummaging in the public dump which other, less discerning urchins constantly scoured. The dump custodian, a wizened little man who lived in a shack on the premises, supervised all the unloading, and he examined the litter afterward, gathering for himself the tires, scrap metals, and returnable bottles. We reasoned that what his sharp eyes missed wasn't worth seeking.

Our method of operation was to canvass certain residential sections, wending our way across the rear of the yards where the trash receptacles—usually a barrel, oil drum or wooden box—were commonly kept. We selected areas of modest homes whose occupants ordinarily filled their refuse containers before they took the rubbish to a dump or called a hauler. We shunned affluent neighborhoods and the business district because wealthy families and store proprietors used a regular trash disposal service. And, of course, we also avoided Shantytown along the railroad tracks. The unfortunates residing there never threw out anything of the remotest value.

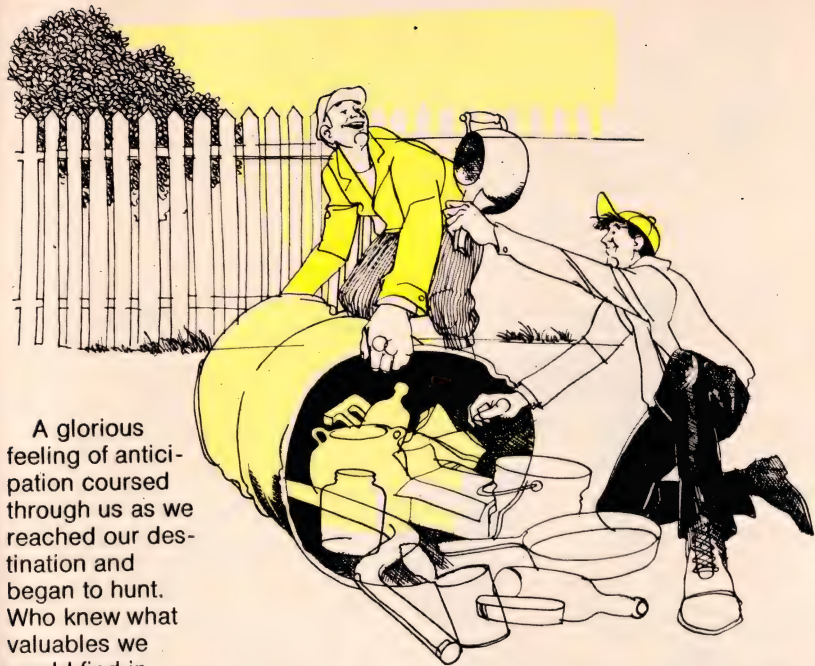
We were particular, too, about what we collected. The several junk dealers in town paid uniform rates for the five metals we sought: five cents a pound for aluminum, three for copper, two each for brass and zinc, and one for lead. Steel and iron we ignored. Those

metals brought only two dollars a ton and were too heavy for back-packing. We didn't bother with pop bottles either (penny apiece) since they often broke along the way. Nor did we take automobile tires (unless we were near home), despite their enticing sales price of 15 cents each, because they were too unwieldy to carry and too bothersome to roll as we junked.

A typical junking expedition



began before dawn. With bologna sandwiches in our pockets and burlap feed bags tucked under our arms, my current partner and I strode through the chill of dew and half-light directly to the outer extremity of the area we planned to search. The idea was to get there with empty sacks and begin junking on the return trip, so we would be approaching home when our loads became heavy.



A glorious feeling of anticipation coursed through us as we reached our destination and began to hunt. Who knew what valuables we would find in addition to the scrap metals? But although we kept an alert eye for the still-serviceable toys and instruments that fascinate boys, we never let personal desires interfere with the project at hand. When one of us chanced on a baseball glove marred only by a torn strap, or an erector set still largely intact, he stashed it nearby to retrieve it later on his own. Junking was strictly a mutual money-making proposition, and there was no space in our bags for private acquisitions.

We prowled homeward, hopscotching and zigzagging each other to ferret inside individual

trash receptacles. If a barrel or oil drum was half full, we merely reached in and rooted about. If it was too full for a thorough search that way, we tipped it over, spilling its contents on the ground. But we always uprighted the container and restored its accumulation of rubbish when we were through. We would probably be junking in that neighborhood again before school started, and we didn't want to leave any disgruntled property owners in our wake.

Gradually our sacks swelled with brass faucets, zinc jar lids, strands of copper wire. Infrequently—it happened to me only twice—



we stumbled onto our supreme thrill—a copper wash tub. Those tubs were a bonanza—they weighed about 10 pounds apiece and were worth 30 cents.

Dogs tested our courage and resourcefulness. Often the kennel was situated near the trash receptacle; then both my partner and I converged on the scene. As one distracted the animal with sudden movements or pieces of sandwich, the other warily and hurriedly inspected the container's contents. Sometimes the dog's food dish was an aluminum pan; then, too, we acted in concert. While the slower of us diverted the dog to

the farthest reach of its chain, the other dashed in from the opposite side and grabbed the pan. Miscalculation of the dog's speed and alertness resulted a few times in torn trousers and nipped behinds, but the risk was worth it. As was the probability of antagonizing the householder. Aluminum was the king of metals, too precious to be used for such a lowly purpose.

Occasionally embarrassing moments occurred. Once I was digging into a trash barrel just beneath the kitchen window of a home in a strange neighborhood. Glancing up I saw the curious face of my current heart throb in the eighth grade peering down at me. I fled hastily and with as much dignity as I could muster while bent nearly double under my ignominious load. The incident spoiled a romance still abudding because I self-consciously avoided that pretty little girl in the future.

At noon we dropped our bags in a grassy area and ate our sandwiches. Then we relaxed or snoozed for a half hour or so, heads pillowed on the sacks, caps pulled low over our eyes against the sun. Our thoughts lingered on the wealth of metal we had amassed, the money it would bring, what we would buy.

We arrived home in late afternoon, sore, tired and sweaty, and deposited our burdens on the other sacks bunched in a corner of my garage. Before parting we decided on the next morning's route. We usually junked daily for two weeks at a time because Old Max, the junkman we dealt with, would not make pickups unless one had a lot of scrap to offer.

Sale day was a time of spirited activity. My friend came over at sunrise, and we dumped all the junk into a heap in the yard and separated it according to metal.

Then we had to "clean" it of extraneous materials. We knocked the glass from the zinc jar lids, hammered the iron bases off brass lamps and poked the dirt out of pieces of lead pipe. We removed the insulation from the copper wire by building a fire and throwing the wire into it. The acrid, black smoke billowing upward would have appalled an environmentalist, but it was one of my favorite boyhood smells.



We devoted special efforts to the aluminum containers. After wresting off the steel handles, we battered the vessels into more compact forms. But in several of the pans we first inserted a large stone for added weight, pounding the metal down tight to conceal it and prevent rattles. Our intention

wasn't to cheat Old Max but to prevent him from cheating us. Although he was probably as honest and upright as the average man in any more-esteemed occupation, we distrusted every junk dealer, his scales and his figures. And we couldn't resist the temptation of trying to put something over on Old Max—as he was well aware.

After we had cleaned and re-sacked the metal, we called Max from the feed store a half block away, one of the few places in the neighborhood that had a telephone. Soon his rattletrap of a truck turned into our alley, and he lumbered out and nodded approvingly at our mound of sacks. He made us empty each bag on the ground for examination. Particular attention was given to the aluminum objects. Old Max squatted on his ample haunches and hefted some of the condensed pots and pans until he came across one whose weight belied its purity.

"Ah, boys, not nice," he reproached us, rising and smiling triumphantly as he pried the metal apart and extracted the illegal intruder. After finding one "doctored" receptable, however, he was satisfied. He had won our little game again. Old Max then hooked each bag on his hand scale and held his arm steady while we checked the weight and jotted it down. When the weighing

and tabulation were completed, he withdrew an oily, leather wallet and carefully counted out what he owed us.

If we were pleased with the amount, we helped him load the truck. If not, we lolled on the grass and watched him exert himself.

"All right, boys, next month again maybe," he said, grinning as he drove away.

There we were, clutching the 10 or 12 dollars that represented a fortune to two 13-year-old boys in those days. The money would defray our ordinary expenses for much of the summer and buy provisions for a week's camping besides. For me it was a moment of vast contentment, tempered by a nuance of regret. I derived as much pleasure from the hunt as from its reward.

Like sneaking rides on a street car, going barefoot in summer and filching slivers from an ice truck, junking was a delightful pastime of my boyhood experienced by few of today's youngsters. And it's a pity such is the case.

Besides providing us with the pocket money we would not have gotten otherwise, junking taught us industry, endurance and perseverance. It instilled in us lasting appreciation of a hard-earned dollar. And best of all, it endowed us with a treasure trove of memories that, like old masters, grows more precious with each passing day. □

Mansion for a Missouri Yankee



by Joseph Goodyear

paintings by Frederic Briggs

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, itinerant printer, riverboat pilot, lecturer and newspaperman, was already better known as Mark Twain when he moved to Hartford, Connecticut, in 1871 and built his Victorian home — a gingerbread fantasy which is part castle and part steamboat.

He was then an established author, acclaimed for *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* and *The Innocents Abroad*, but his most famous works, such as the stories about Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, were still to be written.

Hartford was something of a literary center in those days, and

Twain's publisher was there. These inducements plus the enchantment of the Connecticut countryside—"you do not know what beauty is if you have not been here"—prompted him and his wife to move from Buffalo, New York.

They lived in the unique home for 17 years, the most productive ones for the much-loved author, when he wrote—in addition to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*—*A Tramp Abroad*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *The Prince and the Pauper* and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

They were years of fame, travel and fortune, but also years of per-

sonal tragedies and financial disasters. The joys and the sorrows have left their imprint on the house. A walk through its rooms—skillfully restored with many original furnishings and personal belongings and now open to the public—makes one feel almost an intruder into the personal life of the Clemens family.

Twain, like any new land owner, visited his prize, a Farmington Avenue wooded lot which sloped down to a stream, every day and paced out the house dimensions.

Work on the house was slow and exasperating, and the impatient couple decided to move in while the workmen were still there. Twain complained:



"I have been bullyragged all day by the builder, his foreman, by the architect, by the tapestry devil who is to upholster the furniture, by the idiot who is putting down the carpets, by the scoundrel who is setting up the billiard table (and has left the balls in New York) . . ."

But by 1874 it was completed, a three-story fairy tale of vermillion-and-black brick and brownstone, of gables and turrets, balconies and chimneys, porches and verandas. Its 19 rooms and 18 fireplaces cost—this was 100 years ago—about \$120,000. It generally required a staff of seven to run it.

Children loved the house (Twain had three girls) and youngsters today are perhaps the most enchanted visitors. From the entrance hall, decorated by Louis Tiffany of lamp fame, to the billiard room where the author spent most of his time, the house is a wealth of nooks, crannies and alcoves.

Off the library there is a sunlit circular conservatory, complete with a fountain and plants that grow up the glass walls, an architectural idea popularized by a neighbor, Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. (Her nearby home also has been restored and also may be visited). Twain loved to have his breakfast in the conservatory; his favorite was beefsteak and lots of coffee.

While there are several balconies—Twain so enjoyed the vistas which spread out around the house—the

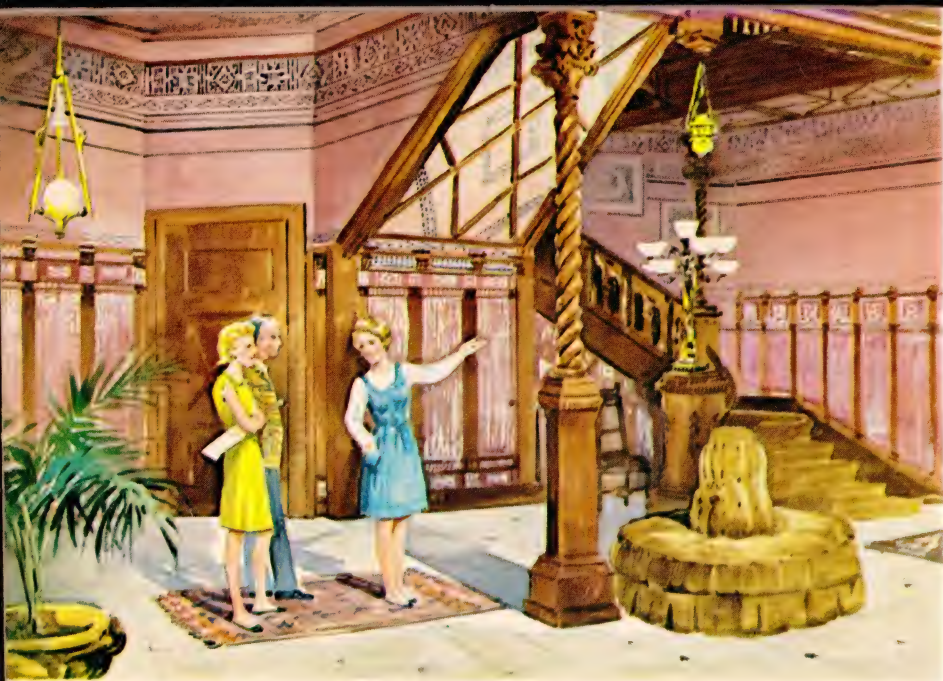
most impressive is off the third floor. It's the largest and it's built in the shape of the bridge of a steamboat.

When asked why he built the kitchen facing the street, he replied, "So the servants can see the circus go by without having to run out in the front yard." One suspects he also may have availed himself of the view.

Winter scenes, particularly the ice storms prevalent in the area, were Twain's favorite, and he had a fireplace built under a window so that he could enjoy the cheering fire and the chilling snow. On cold nights the children roasted chestnuts and popped corn and acted out Shakespearean plays.

Another fireplace, a huge carved one from a Scottish castle, has inscribed on it: "The ornaments of a house are the friends who frequent it." Friends attending the Twains' numerous and lavish parties included such luminaries as William Dean Howells, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Thomas Nast, Bret Harte and Generals William T. Sherman and Philip H. Sheridan.

Although the house seems bizarre and ostentatious by present-day tastes, it was an immensely livable home in the Victorian era. For Twain, a poor boy from Missouri, to live in splendor in the midst of the Eastern literary establishment was a dream fulfilled. His affection for the house was real and touching:



"To us our house was not un-sentient matter—it had a heart and soul and eyes to see us with, and approvals and solitudes, and deep sympathies; it was of us, and we were in its confidence, and lived in its grace and in the peace of its benediction. We never came home from an absence that its face did not light up and speak out its eloquent welcome—and we could not enter it unmoved. . ."

Twain spent much time—despite his busy schedule of writing and lecturing—with his children. Often at dinner he read to them from books such as *Gulliver's Travels* and *Arabian Nights*, and joined

them in after-dinner songfests. There was a large music box, too, brought from Geneva, which played the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from *Tannhäuser* and the "Wedding March" from *Lohengrin*. Although the original music box is gone, a similar one was found for the restoration.

Naturally, a writer of Twain's imagination regaled his children with stories. The children particularly liked those he made up involving pictures in the room and bric-a-brac on the mantle. He frequently read early manuscripts of his novels and listened to their comments and criticisms.

Twain originally did his writing

in the study (and at his summer house in Elmira, New York) but moved to the billiard room on the third floor when he later turned the study into a combination nursery, playroom and schoolroom. He worked there, usually from 11 a.m. until 5:30 p.m. He was one of the first to use a fountain pen, observing that no one could ever have as many virtues as that instrument, nor half its cussedness, and added, "but we can try." He also was the first noted author to work on a typewriter.

The billiard room also was a meeting place for his friends, with conversation enlivened by Scotch and numerous cigars. Twain was an incessant smoker who set just three rules: Never smoke more than one cigar at a time, never smoke while asleep, never refrain while awake.

His overwhelming obsession was billiards, which he played until his opponents dropped from exhaustion. He was not a gracious loser, his profanity soaring when he made a poor shot. Nor was he averse to changing the rules as he went along in order to improve his game.

Although Twain prospered from his writing and lecturing, his investing ability did not equal his storytelling genius. He lost considerable money in a publishing house, and more in backing the inventor of a typesetting machine.

"I was seldom able to see an opportunity until it had ceased to be one," he once wrote, and proved

it by turning down a chance to back an inventor named Alexander Graham Bell. He did, however, become the first person to install a telephone in a private home.

Financial reverses, coupled with failing health, prompted Twain and his wife to move to Europe in 1891. They never returned to Hartford, which became "the city of heart-break" when word reached them that their eldest daughter, Suzy, who had been living in the house since becoming ill, had died of meningitis.

Twain was grateful that his daughter died in the home she loved, but he knew that "if we ever enter the house again to live our hearts will break. . ."

Twain's work at the Hartford house made him "the Lincoln of our literature," as his friend William Dean Howells called him. It was the work of a ruggedly honest, individualistic American, perhaps better set off because it was done in the framework of conservative New England. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn typified a way of life which—if it never existed quite as Twain remembered it—every generation since thinks of fondly. □

Visiting Times

September 1 through May: Tuesday-Saturday 9:30-4; Sunday 1-4.

June 1 through August: Daily 10-4:30.

Closed New Year's Day, Easter, Labor Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

"... an iron curtain has descended ..."

Churchill Remembered

*A small college in Fulton, Missouri, pays tribute
to its most famous visitor—"Winnie"*

by Kenneth D. Mace

paintings by Gilbert DiCicco

MEMORIALS ARE THINGS of the past—but rarely out-of-date. When done tastefully, they are excellent ways to preserve the spirit of triumphant moments, to capture the words and deeds of great men.

With few exceptions, well-known American memorials are in the nation's capital. One of those exceptions is a fascinating and attractive memorial in the quiet Missouri community of Fulton. There a 300-year-old church, St. Mary of Aldermanbury, which once stood in the heart of the London financial district, now attracts thousands of travelers annually to the Westminster College campus. The war-damaged structure was brought to this country and restored in 1968, as a tribute to Winston Churchill.



Six hundred tons of stones and supporting columns were shipped from London to Fulton. The stones were marked as the church was dismantled and relaid in their original position.

This Churchill Museum, about halfway between St. Louis and Independence, has an extensive collection of memorabilia: all 52 of his writings in their first edition, an Epstein bust of Sir

Winston, and the original Karsh photograph that was used on the Churchill stamp issued in 1965.

Why Fulton?

Early in the spring of 1946, Westminster College President Dr. Franc McCluer was in search of a noted speaker for an annual address. Trying a long shot, he decided to extend an invitation to Winston Churchill. Dr. McCluer wrote Major General Harry Vaughn, a Westminster alumnus and aide to President Truman, to ask his assistance.

General Vaughn agreed to try. He forwarded the letter to President Truman, who added this postscript:

"This is a wonderful school in my home state. Hope you can do it. I'll introduce you. Best regards, Harry S. Truman."

Churchill accepted the invitation and history was in the making. Traveling from Washington, D.C., to Fulton, Churchill rode the last leg of the journey in an open car with President Truman and Dr. McCluer. Just before the car reached Fulton, Churchill asked the driver to stop so that he could light a cigar.

"The people will expect it," said Sir Winston.

After President Truman's introduction, Churchill delivered what was to be recognized as his most important speech in America, in which he said:

"A shadow has fallen upon the scene so lately lighted by the Allied victory. From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the continent, and behind that line lie all the capitals of the ancient states of central and eastern Europe."

About 15 years after the speech, another Westminster president, Dr. Robert Davidson, called on Sir Winston to propose bringing St. Mary's of Aldermanbury to the Westminster campus. Churchill thought the concept imaginative and agreed.

St. Mary's probably has the distinction of being restored more often than any other edifice—this is the third time it has been rebuilt. First erected in London between the 11th and 12th centuries, it was nearly destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Rebuilding was completed in 1677 by Sir Christopher Wren and

the church served its parish until a fire bomb damaged it in one of the zeppelin raids on London in World War I.

After the war, St. Mary's again was restored. Then in December, 1940, the church took a direct hit from a German incendiary bomb during a Luftwaffe air blitz. Only the bare



stone walls and the 12 Corinthian columns inside remained standing.

Today the church stands upon a modern undercroft with 14,000 square feet of floor space set aside for the museum, library and gallery.

There are now three "must" stops for World War II history buffs along a 350-mile stretch of Interstate 70—The Churchill Memorial at Fulton, the Truman Library at Independence, and the Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Kansas. □

**Favorite
Recipes
from
Famous
Restaurants**
by Nancy Kennedy

LA SAPINIERE QUEBEC, CANADA

This luxurious year-round resort, in the heart of the Laurentian Mountains, is 50 miles north of Montreal by way of Autoroute 15 (Exit 47). Marcel Kretz, the chef, recently won *Chef of the Year Award*. During any season, enjoying the French Canadian cuisine at this splendid vacation spot is a favorite pastime. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Reservations are necessary.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Wash and chop 1¼ pounds fresh mushrooms. Chop 1 small onion and sauté in 5 tablespoons butter for 3 minutes. Add mushrooms and sauté for 5 minutes more. Stir in 5 tablespoons flour. Add 3 cups chicken broth and bring to a boil while stirring. Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for 30 minutes. Add 1 cup coffee cream before serving. Makes 6 servings.

FRENCH CANADIAN PEA SOUP

- 1 pound yellow dry peas
- 2½ quarts water
- ¼ pound salt pork, cut into small pieces
- 3 onions, chopped
- 2 carrots, diced
- Small handful celery leaves
- A few parsley twigs
- 3 bay leaves
- 1 teaspoon savory

Pour water over peas and let stand overnight. Add remaining

photograph by Leonard P. Johnson

ingredients and bring to a boil. Simmer for 2 or 3 hours until peas are soft.

TOURTIERE (FRENCH CANADIAN MEAT PIE)

- 1 pound lean pork, minced
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 garlic clove
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon savory
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- ⅓ cup chopped celery
- ¾ cup water
- ⅓ cup finely chopped potatoes
- Pinch of cinnamon
- 2 9-inch pie crusts

Mix all ingredients and bring to boil, then simmer for 30-40 minutes. Let cool. Pour into pie shell and cover with top crust. Bake at 400° until golden brown. Serve hot with homemade fruit sauce, ketchup and pickles. Can be reheated or frozen and served later.

MAPLE SYRUP PIE

- 1 cup maple syrup
- ⅓ cup water
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup pecans
- 2 9-inch pie shells

Combine maple syrup and water and bring to a boil. Mix cornstarch with a little water. Mix well into boiling syrup. Stir until smooth. Add butter and nuts. Pour into pie shell and cover with top crust. Make small cuts on top of crust. Bake for 20-30 minutes in a 375° oven.



SIGN GREAT HOUSE MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA

A refurbished 200-year-old plantation offers guests tennis, horseback riding, swimming in a garden-side pool plus fishing and boating on a private lake. The dining room features Jamaican dishes, and nightly entertainment. Dining is open to those not staying at the resort. Reservations are necessary. Donald Hacker is the general manager.

RED PEA SOUP—JAMAICA STYLE

2 cups red peas (red pea beans)

LE BASTILLE RESTAURANT FRANCAIS CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

René Martin presides over this French bistro at 21 West Superior off North Michigan Avenue. A fine wine cellar is maintained. Lunch is served 11:30 to 2:30, Monday through Friday. Dinner from 5:30 to 10:30, Monday through Saturday. Closed on Sunday. Reservations are necessary. Closed August 12-31, 1975.

VEAU SAUTÉ NORMANDE

30 ounces loin of veal, sliced thin

1 cup seasoned flour

3 tablespoons unsalted butter

2 tablespoons olive oil

*1 ounce good applejack
(apple brandy)*

6 fresh mushrooms, sliced

½ lemon, juice

1 teaspoon veal or chicken stock

½ cup whipping cream

photograph by Norris MacNamara

½ pound pigs' tails, chopped
½ pound salt beef or pork, cubed
1 pound stewing beef, cubed
½ pound potatoes, cubed
½ pound sweet potatoes, sliced
1½ teaspoons thyme leaf
3 scallions, chopped
1 large onion, diced
¼ hot red pepper, finely diced

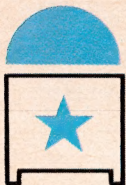
Boil peas with meat in 4 quarts of water for 1 hour, or until peas are soft. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for another hour or more, removing pepper after 10 minutes. Skim fat and season to taste. Serves 6.

1 teaspoon fines herbes (mixed herbs)
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Pound veal slices until they are very thin. Dredge in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Sauté floured veal in oil and butter. Cook briefly on both sides—the veal should be rare. Pour applejack into pan. Remove veal, keep hot. Put mushroom slices and lemon juice into the same pan and sauté. Add whipping cream and veal or chicken stock and cook gently to reduce. Sprinkle with *fines herbes* and parsley and pour over hot veal slices. Garnish with baked apple slices (below). Makes 6 portions.

BAKED APPLE SLICES

Peel and core 3 apples. Cut in quarters, then slices, keeping slices together. Sprinkle with sugar and melted butter. Pour water into the bottom of a baking pan and place in 350° oven for about a half hour.



Letters

Family of Fords

Dear Sirs: Can anyone top this? We have in various stages of restoration: a 1923 (?) Ford T Roadster, a 1924 Ford T Roadster (being built in the basement), a 1925 Fordor Sedan, a 1926 Ford T Pickup, a 1929 Ford A Pickup, and a 1930 Ford Sportcoupe. We also have a 1942 Ford military vehicle, a 1967 Ford Mustang, a 1974 Ford F-100 Pickup, a 1974 Ford riding lawnmower, a 1975 Ford Granada and two brothers, Franz and Herman Gerber, who are Ford dealers in Exeland, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Ray Maddocks
Bruce, Wisconsin

French Flower Power

Dear Sirs: Zibby Oneal, who appears with some regularity in your pages and is one of the most delightful writers to come along in some time, goofed slightly with her May Day story in your May issue. She said that there are too many guns and not enough flowers on May 1. For

her information, France goes in for flowers very heavily that day. If you are ever driving in France on May 1, you'll find the roads lined with people selling bouquets of lily of the valley, which they call *muguet*. The bunches are meant for mothers and girl friends.

George McNally
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We R 2

Dear Sirs: Remember how we used to tack up old license plates in the barn and garage? Here is a photo of a plate which you might like to "tack up" on your pages.

Mrs. Graham and I are loyal Ford fans. We weren't able to spell out "I am for Ford" on the plate, so we took a little "license" and did the best we could.

David C. Graham
San Diego, California



Product information appearing in this issue was correct when approved for printing. Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.



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The secret is simplicity itself. Maverick began as the simple machine. And still is. Simple to drive, park and service.

Take the Maverick 4-Door Sedan. A car that gets a family around with a minimum of fuss. And it's traditionally been America's best-selling 4-door compact. There's room for five adults. A thrifty 200 CID Six. Gas-saving, steel-belted radial ply tires. New solid state ignition to help reduce engine

maintenance. All standard.

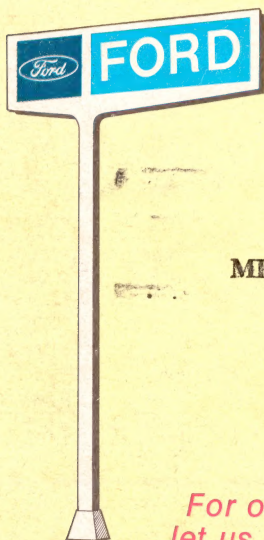
In fact, upkeep is so simple, it requires fewer suggested service operations in the first 50,000 miles than a Nova, Valiant or Dart. Come to think of it, Maverick's simplicity isn't such a secret. It's there for anyone looking for an honest value to see.

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